MR. KING'S SPEECH,

AT EGHAM,

WITH

THOMAS PAINE'S LETTER

TO HIM ON IT,

AND

MR. KING'S REPLY,

AS THEY ALL APPEARED IN

THE MORNING HERALD:

THE EGHAM SPEECH ON DEC. 12, 1792, AND PAINE'S LETTER, WITH THE ANSWER, JAN. 22, 1793.

THE ELEVENTH EDITION.

WITH THE ADDITION OF

MR. KING'S SECOND LETTER,

Taken from the HERALD, *Feb.* 22, 1793.

1793
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ADVERTISEMENT.

AS the following Letters have done more good to the World, than PAINE's Book has ever done harm, it was determined to re-publiſh them.

Mr. KING's ſentiments at the EGHAM Aſſociation having got into the Herald, Mr. PAINE, who is an old acquaintance of Mr. KING's, wrote him a letter on it, which, together with Mr. KING's Reply, as well as the Speech which gave riſe to them, form the ſubſtance of the following ſheets.

C. BOULT.

MR. KING'S SPEECH,

AS PUBLISHED IN THE MORNING HERALD OF DECEMBER, 12, 1792.

WHEN desperate and dangerous factions threaten to disturb the country, it behoves every good citizen to avow his principles, and manifest his conduct, to prevent men grown indigent from idleness, or ruined by extravagance, from becoming so numerous and powerful as to do the Government an injury. A Constitution that has ever been held the boast and envy of the world, must not be in an instant forsaken for the new fantastic doctrine of a few designing men, who under the guise of patriotism veil their ambition. The English who have hitherto set examples to all Europe, must not at last become the miserable apes of Frenchmen—if a change had been necessary, we should not have required a hint from France; but if the French have overturned a bad Government, is that a reason why we should overturn a good one?

Inſtead of eſtabliſhing a limited Monarchical Government, they have formed an Utopian one, a wild Republic, to bring men into notice and affluence, who had neither genius or merit to entitle them to either; but a ſhort time will ſhew that thoſe men who have butchered half the Citizens, to pull down a tyrant, will, Hydra-like, in thouſands, ſet up for themſelves as ſoon as they are rid of foreign enemies.

We muſt not confound diſtinctions—Suppoſe they had really reſiſted a bad King, ſhall we therefore forſake a good one? Shall he, who never injured the loweſt of his ſubjects be deſerted by them? If a bad King deſerves the hatred of the people, a good one deſerves their attachment, and they ſhould ſacrifice their lives in his defence.

We have ſeen how Republics have turned out in the States of Genoa and Venice; and we foreſee that the inſidious Republic of France will end in a frightful Ariſtocracy.

Some reform is certainly wanted; but let it be ſought for conſtitutionally—let it go to the KING through

through the repreſentatives of the People, when was he ever yet known to refuſe redreſs of grievances? But ſhall we be paſſive when we ſee men begin what they call a Reform, by deluging their country in blood? Is it a neceſſary prelude, and earneſt of reformation to plunder houſes, and murder inhabitants? There is no Citizen, however low his ſtation, but ought to guard the ſtake he has in the community, and join in repelling a banditti, who, in pretending reformation, intend only a pillage; who having ruined themſelves by bad courſes, hope now to recover by a ſcramble.

The pages of theſe annals ſhall not be diſgraced by Engliſh diſloyalty—let the perfidious French continue their nation's reproach—perfidious ever, hypocrites under a Monarchy, murderers, and ſtill hypocrites in a Democracy—but we, firm in our principles, and unſhaken in our allegiance, will to our laſt breath, defend our King and Conſtitution, and baffle the machinations of our faithleſs enemies.

JOHN KING.

Egham Lodge,
December 12, 1792.

LETTER

LETTER

FROM

Mr. THOMAS PAINE,

AUTHOR OF THE "RIGHTS OF MAN,"

TO

Mr. KING,

NEW BURLINGTON STREET,

ON HIS SENTIMENTS AT THE EGHAM MEETING,

PUBLISHED IN THE MORNING HERALD,

DECEMBER 12, 1792.

DEAR KING,

I DON'T know any thing theſe many years, that ſurpriſed, and hurt me more, than the ſentiments you publiſhed in the Courtly HERALD, the 12th December, ſigned JOHN KING, *Egham Lodge*. You have gone back from all you ever ſaid.

When I firſt knew you in Ailiffe-ſtreet, an obſcure part of the City, a child, without fortune or friends, I noticed you; becauſe I thought I

you, young as you was, a bluntneſs of temper, a boldneſs of opinion, and an originality of thought, that portended ſome future good.

I was pleaſed to diſcuſs, with you, under our friend *Oliver's* lime-tree, thoſe political notions, which I have ſince given the world in my "Rights of Man."

You uſed to complain of abuſes, as well as me, and wrote your opinions on them in free terms. —What then means this ſudden attachment to *Kings?* this fondneſs of the Engliſh Government, and hatred of the French?—If you mean to curry favour, by aiding your Government, you are miſtaken; they never recompence thoſe who ſerve it; they buy off thoſe who can annoy it, and let the good that is rendered it, be its own reward. Believe me, KING, more is to be obtained by cheriſhing the riſing ſpirit of the People, than by ſubduing it. Follow my fortunes, and I will be anſwerable, that you ſhall make your own.

THO. PAINE.

Paris,
January 3, 1793.

TO

MR. THOMAS PAINE,

IN ANSWER TO HIS LETTER OF THE 3d OF JANUARY,

From PARIS.

DEAR SIR,

IT is true, I was a friend of the French, and would have added my contriubtion to aſſiſt them: they effected a glorious Revolution, and every friend to Liberty was a friend to their cauſe—But if, from a people ſtruggling under oppreſſion, they become oppreſſors themſelves—if, from a nation ſeeking its own happineſs, they become the diſturbers of the happineſs of others, and from a humiliating tone of deprecation, aſſume the voice of dictators, I certainly renounce the prejudice I had too haſtily adopted. If, when the people who waded through a ſea of blood to gain freedom, deny it to every one elſe, and begin a ſecond carnage on thoſe who differ with them in opinion;—when a ruthleſs

mob

mob is let looſe to vent its mighty rage upon a feeble, unhappy woman, I ſee then, that the overthrow of one tyranny has given birth to a million of others. I aſcribed the former perfidy of the French to the nature of their Government, and expected to ſee a new character ariſe from the Revolution; but neither the deſtruction of the Baſtile, the joy over Auſtrian defeats, the tranſitions of hope and deſpondency, nor their various viciſſitudes of fortune, have been able to effect any eſſential change in their temper,—faithleſs in every ſtation, they continue ſo till death.

Under the ſpecious pretext of giving freedom to nations, they over-run the earth for conqueſt and aggrandizement.—If a mob do a ſudden, deſperate act, I may forgive the impulſe; but when the glorious conquerors of the Baſtile are transformed into a deliberate body of bravos, and after ſitting in mock trial on the old and defenceleſs, convert their priſons into ſhambles —Am I to continue the partiſan of ſuch men? In the commencement of the Revolution, they told me, they had no friends but us. "The Engliſh," ſaid they, "free themſelves, wiſh "to ſee other nations ſo: while they remain

" neuter, we defy the reſt of the world." How has our neutrality been rewarded? Firſt, they abuſed the *Elector of Hanover*; but at laſt, to make the matter unequivocal, they inſult the *King of England*, in terms, if poſſible, more groſs than your own!

The Engliſh, Mr. PAINE, are a ſpirited, and grateful people; they know how to puniſh a bad King, but they will not ſuffer one they love to be thus outraged; and they have reaſon to ſuſpect the friendſhip of a people, who, after ages of enmity, have yet given no proof that their ſentiments were altered. Some deciſive, real inſtance of their attachment, ſhould have been diſcovered, before they could expect that we ſhould truſt them; but hitherto one ſpecies of treachery has only been followed by another: formerly they diſturbed us with their blind love of Kings; and now they perſecute us with their groundleſs hatred of them.

Mr. PAINE—ſuch men as *Froſt*, *Barlow*, and others, your aſſociates, ſhew the forlornneſs of your cauſe. Our reſpectable citizens do not go to you, they remain at home, attached to their country—

country—the whole nation, as on man, is rouſed againſt you, and with an unanimous ſpirit of aſſociation, ſhew you, that neither the ſpecious written Rights of Man, nor the tinſelled orations of frothy Frenchmen, have been able to warp their judgments, or play upon their paſſions: they may miſlead a few untaught villagers, but the ſenſible part of the nation detect the impoſition, and diſdain the allurement. We want no *new Revolution*;—we obtained one under Charles the Firſt: a Revolution which was neceſſary with you, would, with us undo the labours, and fair fruits of a century:—ſo ſuperior to all others is our preſent form of Government, that if it were different from what it is, we ſhould be driven to ſeek *another* Revolution to bring it to this!

And what examples of ſteadineſs, and moderation have you given that are worthy imitation? A hundred forms of Government have been propoſed, and rejected:—laws, and abrogation of laws, Monarchy and Republicaniſm, have alternately ſucceeded, in the ſmall ſpace of three years! One day the wavering French rend the air with *Vive le Roi!* and the next, the air is again rent, with

with execrations on him! In misfortune we ſee you deſponding, and in ſucceſs, carrying horror, and deſolation over all the Continent. If you recollect the Engliſh, they neither deſpair in adverſity, nor are they inſolent in proſperity; —they ſolicit no aid when they are in war, nor do they injure their friends when they triumph. They receive with ſcorn your propoſal of a new Government; they take no leſſons from a people they deſpiſe. Their own feelings are the ſtimulus to their actions, and rouſe them without a foreign impulſe: they would reject your impertinent interpoſition from pride, if not from principle.—You, who pretend to the humility of a ſtate of Nature, ſhould offer *England* to be the Metropolis of the European World, inſtead of arrogantly propoſing that all Europe ſhall be a Republic, and *France* its haughty Metropolis. —The people have found out that your plan is a deceit, and does them no good—you, indeed, are benefited by it, for it raiſes you to affluence, but they continue as they were! for, Suppoſe your equalization eſtabliſhed, and Kings and Lords annihilated, property would ſtill remain in the ſame hands, and the poor continue as they were. Under every form of Government, there

muſt

muſt always be labourers for the ground, workmen for the manufacturer, and ſervants for domeſtic concerns ; your Revolution leaves theſe as they were ; it raiſes you to a Member of the National Convention, but they continue in their former ſtations. Men cannot be all equally good and equally wiſe ; the bad, therefore, muſt be reſtrained, and the ignorant guided : there ends then your fancied ſtate of Equality —Governors there muſt always be, and Governors muſt always be ſuperior to the governed. In armies it is the ſame ; there muſt be a General, for Equality would be Anarchy.

You ſay, all Government is an artifice : is not then your's an artifice, and a more hideous one than any other, where *Marat*, *Carra*, and other ſtabbers are the Kings of it ?—Induſtrious men will always be richer than idlers ; and the inſtant this is prevented, all laudable incitement is at an end, and the country is impoveriſhed. Induſtry will thrive in England, becauſe its fruits are ſafe under a Government, where no power can wreſt them from the poſſeſſors. Your Equalization ſpeaks to idle men, ſpendthrifts and robbers ; they form hopes from confuſion, which they

cannot

cannot have in any other ſtate; but you have rung the alarm-bell to the ſober part of the people, by the retinue that follows your Equality; for they ſee you only backed in it by the felons, mendicants, pick-pockets, and vagrants of the kingdom.

The Engliſh, who are a contemplative people, have read of the Agrarian Law; they have ſeen *Greece* and *Rome* produce their former PAINES; they too ſung as you have done, and always had a rabble at their heels; the *Rights of Man* was the common watch-word to tumult; but they were always detected in ſchemes of ambition and ſelf-intereſt, and when the popular deluſion was over, theſe Men of the People were made to finiſh their career from the Tarpeian rock.

I evinced in Ireland, by my *Tiberius Gracchus*; that I was proof againſt temptation; it did not impede the completion of thoſe public letters. I find my happineſs in the proſperity of my Country, and am ſufficienly rewarded in the general welfare—I am not altered;—when it is the proper ſeaſon, I ſhall again exclaim againſt the twenty millions of annual taxes, againſt penſions,

ſions, ſinecure places, and unequal repreſentation; but, inſtead of exclaiming againſt the King as you have done, I look to him to aſſiſt in the Reformation; for, born and eſtabliſhed as he is in the Country, his intereſt is inſeparable from that of the People, and he finds his Individual Advantage in the General Good.

Let us, in England, PAINE, enjoy our liberty; while your's, amidſt your boaſted Republicaniſm is a Problem:—Let us utter our ſentiments as we pleaſe; while you poignard every one who differs with you in opinion. Let us continue our trials by Jury, while your's are conducted by the Mob; and let us continue to defend our Country, while you are deſolating France.

The Butchers of the National Convention think there is no ſafety but in the murder of their KING, though they mocked him with a trial where they could not convict him; but you, —PAINE, are too humane and juſt to join in ſuch a barbarous notion, and will, if you can, hinder the French from a crime—that muſt excite the horror of all mankind!

Your's,

JOHN KING.

New Burlington-Street,
January 11, 1793.

SECOND LETTER,

FROM

MR. KING,

TO

MR. THOMAS PAINE,

At PARIS,

(Taken from the Herald, Feb. 22.

DEAR SIR,

I AM glad my letter reached you before you delivered your opinion on the King's fate,—the imputation of cruelty will not now be added to the other cenſures on your character; but the cataſtrophe of this unhappy Monarch, has ſhewn you the danger of putting a nation in ferment: The man who works a revolution by a mob, when the Government might have been amended and organized, from its inherent correctives, is the author of all the murders occaſioned by it. Mobs may be made the inſtruments of much miſchief, but they are incapable of good;—they have ſtrength to overthrow, but not wiſdom to manage;—when they are once ſet in motion, they are no longer under controul, and at ſome wavering of their fury, he who gave them their *impetus*, generally falls a ſacrifice to them.

The

The frivolous French may be taught to fancy, that the Government of a nation, and the adjuſtment of a dreſs, are things of like facility; but the ſenſe of Engliſhmen is to know, that they ought not to barter the profits of commerce for the perplexing ſcience of legiſlation; that thoſe who are the objects of their election, are entitled to their confidence, and that their poſſeſſions in the country are pledges for their attachment to it.

The volatile minds of the French, now freed from reſtraint, have grown fantaſtic and wild; they ranſack the regions of imagination for ſchemes of Government;—experiments are making in politics like new faſhions in Pariſian trinkets, and no one will riſk his credit to predict when the fluctuation of tragic and comic ſcenes will ceaſe.

You have raiſed the moſt violent men to the higheſt offices. You deem the moſt clamorous patriots, the beſt Stateſmen. Learning and experience alone, ſeem no qualifications; as if patriotiſm was the art of governing, and zeal was wiſdom.

What Promethean fire has ſuddenly illumined the minds of Frenchmen, that what for ages has

eſcaped our beſt Law-givers, ſhould in an inſtant be diſcerned by them, that our great ALFRED was a political dreamer, and our HUME and SYDNEY idle rhapſodiſts!

Vociferated dogmas, and authoritative axioms, come ſententiouſly from every mouth, as if your CONVENTION was the Delphian temple, and the Members, Oracles by inſpiration! The metamorphoſe ſeems univerſal. Every tongue at once becomes eloquent!—Every man learned by intuition! But what ſpell confined theſe ſupernatural powers, that they never before ſhewed ſymptoms of their marvellous genius? Oh PAINE, you know human nature too well, not to perceive the affectation of your vapouring friends. If theſe lofty boaſters were uncounterfeit, neither the awe of a deſpotic Monarch, nor the terrors of the baſtile could have reſtrained them! artificial conſtraint could not always check the efforts of nature, or motives of prudence ſuppreſs them. But all was paſſiveneſs, and ſilence;—generation ſucceeded generation without an inſtance of magnanimity, or a ſtruggle for freedom:—The tranſition has been magical; or like the Cadmean harveſt, a new race of mortals ſtrikes our ſight!—*Santerre* ſprings up a General! Marat, Roberſpiere, and their murderous band, *Cicero's* and *Cato's!*—the extravagant

mummery knows no limits—females, unlike Hercules, have changed the diſtaff for the ſword, and preſent themſelves at the Bar of the Convention, in compleat armour; even babes, as by prophetic ſpirit, liſp proſperity to the new Republic!—In our CHARLES the *Firſt's* time, the riſing ſpirit of the people made a gradual progreſs; it ſhewed frequent ſigns of the kindling flame before it broke forth. Neither the menace of the Miniſter, nor fears of the Star-chamber, could ſmother the irreſiſtible ardour—*Wentworth*, *Seldon*, and *Pym*, had alternately braved the danger; their opponents contemned the hint, and were deſtroyed for their incaution;—this was nature's proceſs, this was genuine acting, and its effects muſt be eternal!

Our anceſtors had ſeen the deſtruction of Monarchy in Perſia, in Greece, and in Rome; and after the extirpation of the Tarquins from Rome, they ſaw the eſtabliſhment of a Republic. The Romans were then few, virtuous, and auſtere; but with their aggrandizement, and encreaſe of territory, their Republic periſhed;—their riches and luxury had ſoon created them Patricians, and, though they ſtill fondly called themſelves their favourite Republic, they had inſenſibly become an Ariſtocracy: this too periſhed under the victorious hand of *Julius Cæſar*. As no one of theſe States ſeemed calculated for a great and

free

free nation, our forefathers formed a Government of all three, that by a juſt equipoiſe of them, they might check each other, and neither preponderate;—this has endured;—and, after again diſcolouring the current of the *Seine*, ſatiate with ſlaughter and empiriciſm, this will be your model of imitation.

Underſtanding this equilibrium of the States, as we do, we are not alarmed at the clamour of a mob, which is the darling privilege of a Democracy; the name of King, and the pride of our Ariſtocracy, excite no fears or provocation; theſe are not real grievances. While our properties are ſafe, and our liberties unreſtricted, we take no offence at the adornment of a ribbon, or the glittering of a ſtar, and conſider theſe innocent gewgaws as cheap rewards to thoſe who covet them!

What reliance can we place in French declarations? What have they ſworn that they have not violated? They followed their proteſtations of renouncing all conqueſts with the ſeizure of *Brabant* and *Savoy*. In a ſolemn decree of their Aſſembly, they ſurname Louis XVI. the "*Reſtorer of Liberty*," and with uplifted hands to Heaven, ſwear to protect the *Nation*, the *Law*, and the *King*; yet theſe perjured men followed that oath with a vote of Death, and embrue thoſe very hands in their Monarch's blood!

If my pen could deſcribe my feelings—if it could paint the pity and horror that have convulſed me, what a ſubject is here to excite the paſſions!—The ſufferings of a martyred Monarch! the agonies of a diſtracted Queen—the ſorrows of his ſinleſs children!—How might I deplore the interruption of the King's laſt ejaculation, and execrate the unmanly hands that thruſt him to the Guillottine—but his vengeful ſhade ſhall haunt theſe blood-ſtained men, as the ſpectre of *Cæſar* purſued the aſſaſſins at Philippi; the retaliating hand of Juſtice ſhall give them a ſimilar fate, and make ſome attonement to his angry manes!

Thoſe who adviſe a War think it diſgraceful to negociate with a nation of aſſaſſins, whoſe Government, like their own capricious temper, is changing every hour: they would carry a fleet up the Seine, and an army to the gates of guilty Paris—Already their heated imagination figures to them the authors of ſo many evils in Engliſh hands, ſuffering the puniſhment ſo often due to them—But a ſober Stateſman will feel none of theſe romantic hopes; he muſt be cautious how he exhauſts a country's treaſures, encreaſes the national debt, and oppreſſes the people with new taxes;—he muſt not wantonly hazard our maritime riches for empty repriſals on aſſignats;

—but

—but your Convention has ſaved him the pains of heſitation; you have freed him from half his blame, by meeting his wiſhes; and, by its raſh Declaration of War, affixed on FRANCE the eternal reproach of aggreſſion.—Your new tenets, daring opinions, and high vaunts, had alarmed the feeble Princes of the Continent; and you hoped, by your audacious Manifeſto, to terrify the Engliſh; but are we to be daunted by fulminating decrees, and ruffian threats? Are we the citizens of Savoy, of Nice, or of Bruſſels? or are we not the progeny of thoſe anceſtors, whoſe feats on Gallic ground ſtill blazon your hiſtoric record? Or was this the mode of entwining our temples with the red caps promiſed our renegade addreſſers, in laſt November? Such was the ſpecies of proffered fraternity to the people of *Franckfort*; and when the deluded inhabitants opened their gates to receive you, the grateful CUSTINE amerced them in two millions of florins!—Thus you would plant the Tree of Freedom by the edge of the ſword, and foſter its roots with Britiſh blood—erect your new-fangled trophies on the ſepulchres of the dead, and end the long glories of ENGLAND in another Department of FRANCE!!!

JOHN KING.

New Burlington-Street,
February 12, 1793.